

1962 Mids in Rome

[from John Kelly, March 2017] Mike, the slides of Italy are in very bad shape but still recognizable. One of these shows the funny Italian tour bus we rode. I remember the guide was very nice and rather pregnant. She kept talking about some Italian artist I'd never heard of Bernini I think. I remember we learned of Marilyn Monroe's suicide while we were in Rome, and that a coke cost more than a glass of wine.

Hey, I especially love the two you spoke about earlier - the one on the Gainard, and the one at the Trevi fountain - did you come across any with the two of us together? Perhaps at the Crazy Horse?

The Trevi fountain shot makes me realize we were allowed to go on shore leave in civvies - was that for a weekend? And the one on the bridge - was that in port, or was I actually on duty? What can you tell me?

Was that bus the way we got to Rome then? As part of a tour group, or just a transport bus?

Mike,

I remember quite clearly. I could never forget.

We wore civvies always on liberty because we were "officers."

We were given the weekend by our ensign, Bullock I think he was, from the University of the South. A great good guy.



rode 3d class standing up most or all the way to Rome. I don't think they've had 3d class in Europe since that summer.

We went to the Napoli train station on Friday afternoon. Naturally, the trains were crowded. It was my stupid idea to go "native" and do as the Neapolitans when in Naples, so we



At the station some Italian slicker spotted us as lost rubes and led us to his apartment and we stayed there and toured Rome. We went some places on our own but also took the guided tour. That funny looking fat bus is what we rode.

I think that photo on the bridge was underway, otherwise we would probably not have been on the bridge. The guy on the left is a ROTC midshipman and



the ensign in the background was a good guy I can't quite remember.

I think the really bad photo on the ship is one I took while standing on top of the 5" gun director while we were in that storm. Actually, we were in two bad storms, one in the Med, and the hurricane we "escorted" up the east coast going back to Newport, R.I., Gainard's

home port. We screened an old tanker, probably in one of the letters I sent you, maybe the Marias, or Calloosahatchee, which was homeported in Norfolk and then turned north and our course paralleled the hurricane. By that time I had good sea legs and it didn't bother me.

The name "Crazy Horse" sounds familiar but I can't quite place it. Was that a gift shop or something? Or maybe an equestrian hangout. I'll ask my wife when she gets home.

We rode the train back to Naples. I don't think we spent two nights in Rome but we were charged for two by the slick Italian.

We had the squadron chaplain riding with us for awhile, maybe going across the Atlantic. I remember the supply officer didn't get along with the chaplain.

If there's anything else you don't remember it doesn't hurt to ask. I remember the oddest things.

Rgds,
John

[JO-JO 1960-1965] This was taken during our Med storm I think (not the Atlantic storm). I went up on the fire control director to photograph the bow digging into the sea. A wave splashed up on the director and this shows the water washing down the scuppers.